THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Literary Miscellany.

VOL. II.] *PHILADELPHIA, April* 19, 1806. [No. 16.

The price of the Evening Fire-side is three dollars per annum.

For the Evening Fire-side.

ON BEER-HOUSES.

Paſſing lately by a Beer-Houſe, I was led into a train of reflections on the evils produced in a neighbourhood, by ſuch places of entertainment.

Theſe houſes are generally kept by the poorer ſort of people, and thoſe commonly of very low character, and in miſerable huts or houſes of deſpicable appearance. Hence they are frequented chiefly by that claſs of people: becauſe a man of credit and reputation would be aſhamed to be ſeen at ſuch a place, with ſuch company, drinking beer: for the maxim is generally accepted that "a man's character is known by the company he keeps."

Now theſe poor people often collecting in companies at ſuch houſes, ſpend their money and waſte their time, while perhaps many of them have families at home, who are ſuffering for want of the neceſſaries of life. Thus the man who has an induſtrious wife and a number of ſmall children, after working hard and getting a little money that might be of great uſe in procuring food and cloathing for themſelves and their ſtarving offſpring, will go in the evening to the beer-houſe, where meeting with others too much like himſelf, he ſquanders away all his money (and perhaps gets in debt beſides) in gaming and drinking; quaffing one mug after another, more like a brute than a man. He talks in a profane and obſcure manner, and often quarrels and fights with his aſſociates. His brain being ſo diſordered and intoxicated with exceſſive drinking, that he knows not what he ſays or does. Here he ſtays perhaps till near morning, and ſometimes for days and nights together, while his wife and children have nothing to ſubſiſt on, and are waiting with impatience in hopes of his bringing home ſomething to ſatisfy the preſſing calls of hunger. When behold he comes at laſt, reeling and ſtaggering home, without money, and without any thing for them to eat. What a diſtreſſing ſcene enſues! Crying children, ſtarving with hunger and cold: ſcolding wife, and not without reaſon! Such is his welcome home! But he is ſo infatuated, that the ſhocking ſcene makes no good impreſſion on his mind.—He becomes enraged at the clamour, beats and abuſes his wife, knocks his children about, curſes and ſwears, and at laſt ſatiated with ſuch inhuman exerciſe, he falls aſleep, and ſnores off the intoxicating fume. Nor does he find things in better plight when he awakes. His knees weak, his head dizzy, with pains in his limbs and eyes. Thus he conceits he is not able to work, and therefore loiters about a day or two, before he is ſo reſtored as to be able to purſue his buſineſs.

Now we may readily imagine what kind of education the children of ſuch men have. The poor creatures are too generally brought up as if they were not rational beings, that have immortal ſouls to be ſaved or loſt.—How will ſuch parents anſwer for their conduct or atone for their neglect!

If taverns are ſeminaries of infamous and degrading vice, as ſome religious people aſſert, ſurely beer-houſes deſerve no better epithets. Singing, dancing, gaming, curſing, ſwearing, fighting, lying, cheating, and many other evils are committed in them. Here too many, otherwiſe well inclined young men are drawn in, and at length become habituated to cuſtoms repugnant to every principle of religion or morality.—Diſgrace, loſs of reputation, and ruin of their eſtates and conſtitutions, then enſue, to the great grief of their relatives and friends.

That ſuch, and numerous other evils are the effects of beer-houſes, may readily be conceived from the low, degraded ſituations to which they are reduced who haunt them. Does it not then behove every lover of his country and well wiſher to mankind, to endeavour by precept and example to diſcourage ſuch nuiſances to the common-wealth; and to uſe every means in his power to ſuppreſs thoſe already ſet up, and prevent others from being erected? And let their owners or ſupporters betake themſelves to honeſt labour for a livelihood, in ſome laudable calling that may render them uſeful to the community; and no longer live on the labour of the poor by taking their money in exchange for a liquor which they have no need of, and which proves worſe than nothing to them. But if ſuch keepers of beer-houſes are not able to work for their ſupport, there are other means pointed out for their ſubſiſtence much more honourable to them, and far leſs hurtful to the community, than the nefarious practice of keeping ſuch houſes of entertainment, which are in no wiſe neceſſary for travellers, nor in any reſpect uſeful in a neighbourhood; but, contrary to good policy, the laws of morality and the principles of the Chriſtian Religion: and oftimes alſo a violation of the laws of the land, exciting to profanation of the ſabbath, and corrupting to the morals of mankind; by which guilt is increaſed in our country, and many brought to ruin and an untimely end.

Though I have particularized beer-houſes only, as the firſt reflections were excited by them, yet the foregoing obſervations are equally applicable in many reſpects to taverns, dram-ſhops, and other places of like entertainment, which are far too numerous for the well-being of mankind in this land.

EVONIUS.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Hark! what ſound invades our ears—
He who bade a long farewell*
Comes again to wake ours fears,
"Breathing loud the ſounding ſhell."

He ſo faintly breath'd before,
Friends to *genius* look'd agaſt;
Quibblers, who had felt his power,
Vainly hop'd he'd *breath'd his laſt*;

* "To all his greatneſs, as Woolſey ſaid of old,"
And has been realliz'd in theſe our days.

From his former elevation,
From the scenes which fairies prize,
By the powers of incantation
He had sunk no more to rise:

But, the queen of Fairy-nation,
Ever generous ever great,
Pitying saw his situation,
Snatch'd him from the brink of fate:

Soon the *trumpet's* piercing clangor
And the beat of "*furious drum*", †
Rous'd the *hero* from his languor,
Broke the spell that struck him dumb:

Breathing reconciliation
In her "fickle favourite's ear,
Drove from his imagination
Shadowy phantoms, form'd by fear:

Soon restor'd his animation,
Rais'd his thoughts to the sublime,
And awoke vociferation,
Dormant for so long a time.

"Fairer hands behind the screen,"
Gently touch the *sounding* string!
Show us that his "injur'd queen,"
Yet can teach him how to sing.

While he tunes so dull a song,
Wither'd wreaths must grace his brows;
And "the puny insect throng"
On his "sighing garlands" browse.

Why so sharp on poor SYLVANUS,
Hero of the sounding shell!
Such illiberal things unman us,
Even when they'r acted well.

Let's contrast you, line by line,
Both seem fond of empty sound,
In his lays, as well as thine,
Cots and *caves*, and *cells* abound.

Justice ne'er should be inverted,
Ne'er usurp another's right:
Are not those, by *wit deserted*,
Privileg'd to show their spite?

"LYRICUS alone remains;"
Treat him kindly *potent* bard!
Tho' so puerile his strains,
Still he mirits thy regard.

PHILOPOETICUS.

† Fond of empty sounds if martial.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messrs. Editors,

On looking over a file of your papers which lately fell into my hands; among the many interesting miscellaneous pieces, which excited my curiosity and attracted my attention, I observed a communication upon the subject of *dreams*, which particularly claimed my notice.—The design of the writer appears to have been, to laugh away the ridiculous and superstitious importance attached to the incoherent rovings of an idle fancy during the hours of sleep. I have no greater relish for the silly relation of every *idle dream* which the superstitious may imagine the forerunners of some impending event, than himself, neither would the reader have been troubled with this essay, had it not been for a position he advanced, as an established maxim, which I apprehend strikes at the foundation of revealed religion. I value the talents and literary abilities of the *dreamer*, (of which I judge by his production, having no personal knowledge of him) but I cannot reconcile some parts of his essay with sound logic. We are a christian people; we profess to believe in the principles of christianity; we also believe that the Deity effectually pervades each atom of the universe, and extends his care to the meanest object in the creation, and that from the least to the greatest are under his immediate care and protection. We also believe in the immortality of the soul—and I conceive no thinking mind will hesitate to allow that the will of the Deity is the happiness of man. In proportion as we live conformable to his will, we approach nearer to a state of perfect happiness. This being admitted, it is necessary we should arrive at the knowledge of his will in order to be happy. Now by what means are we to come to the knowledge of his will? will a contemplation of the works of nature intimate to man the will of God concerning him? surely not, he may derive pleasure from contemplating the beauties and grandeur of the objects around him. The verdure of the extended landscape, the magnificence of the steep and craggy precipice, the foaming torrent, and the wide and boisterous ocean: these afford to the contemplative and philosophic mind, sources of rational amusement, but these alone will be found inadequate to give him a just and accurate idea of his duty. From what source then shall we derive that knowledge? It is communicated immediately by the spirit of God to the soul of man. I know of no other way. This is what we are taught in scripture. But it is not my practice in arguments of any kind to bring scripture testimonies in support of what I have to advance. Though *by the by* I as highly estimate these writings as any other person perhaps; and it is for that very reason I do not wish to make quotations from them. I would rather pass them by in respectful silence. But how shall we reconcile with the preceding observations, the assertion of *dreamer* in his first essay where he says "no part of metaphysics is better established, than that which teaches, that the mind is acquired through the medium of the senses," and in his second, "a moment's reflection will convince every thinking person of the truth of the position, that we have no ideas sleeping or waking which were not acquired through the medium of the senses." I apprehend, nay, I am fully convinced, that mankind never would have formed any idea of a GOD or a SAVIOUR, if this idea had not been communicated by another medium than that of the senses. It appears to me to be a matter of primary importance, that in all our philosophical enquiries, we should keep the great principles of Christianity in view, and be careful how we advance any position which may tend to undermine them. I am not for "chaining reason;" it is a noble faculty given us for valuable purposes: in philosophic and scientific enquiry, and the ordinary concerns of life is the proper sphere of *reason*; but when it is applied to the investigation of the mysteries of religion, it is but *moon-shine* at best, and when it goes to the exclusion of revelation, and the undermining the divine precepts of the Gospel, it loses its dignity, and is made subservient to the basest purpose. I have already intruded too long on the time of my readers; I shall therefore close these remarks; and make *dreams* the subject of another essay.

LOGICUS.

April 16th, 1806.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Messrs. Editors,

Lest you might attach to my character the disgrace of pusillanimity I may briefly inform you, that my not appearing on the hostile page in last number was occasioned by necessary absence from the city during the greater part of the last week—but have now the pleasure of making an attack on my pompous adversary—so here goes.

"Hear'd ye the din of battle bray
"Shield to shield, and horse to horse?"
Far greater war is wag'd to day.
Quill to quill, and verse to verse!

There is in these degenerate times,
A mighty rage for spinning rhymes;*
You'll scarcely find a silly youngster
Of late, but has become a songster;
And strings his straggling thoughts together,
In tinkling, gingling, rhyming blether"—
If any foolish, hairbrain'd chap,
Should on a witty poem hap,
That some superior bard has written,
At once with *scribbling mania* smitten
"For *genius* he mistakes *delight*,
"He *reads* and fancies he can *write*"
Fourthwith he mounts his wild pegasus

* An *attempt* at an imitation of that incomparably beautiful couplet, with which TANTERABOB's essay commences.

Swift o'er the bounds of reason passes
Out-gallops sob'rer bards in spite of'em,
And quick as thought is out of sight of'm
But never since the days of Adam,
Since fools took fits, or poets had'em,
Did ever *grub-street* send a bard forth,
Who brought his scanty wit so hard fourth,
Whose nonsense could so much provoke us,
As that dull rhymester *Tanterabogus*—

Give ear, ye fair Aonian ladies,
Whose empire in the poet's head is,
For I've been told by some who knew it,
Each of you keeps a little *cruet*
Which hold a most surprising liquor,
Of pow'r than *gin* or *whiskey* quicker;
Of which (when e'er he will behave aright,)
Each gives a little to her favorite;
Which swallow'd down, or snuff'd the nose up
A most poetic passion blows up,
Soon makes the intellects grow brighter,
"And eke a dunce an airy writer"*
I'm told it sheds a deal of fragrance,
While oft is caught by witless vagrants,
And hence 'tis easy to explain,
That wond'rous *fever* of the brain,
Which oft with vanity uniting,
Sets blockheads all agog for writing:
Hence TANTERABOGUS must have smelt it,
As to some fav'rite bard you dealt it,
And such a scribbling itch it brought on
The wight, as ne'er before was thought on—
For common sense soon fled astounded,
The laws of language were confounded;
To give to terms, he had the pow'r
Meanings they ne'er possess'd before!—
As my mamma melts down old pewter,
Into such vessels as may suit her—

He found a landscape most delightful
Of woods and *hills*, and caverns right full.
And (this its *meaning* did not chime well,
Yet as he found the word would *rhyme* well,)
He has the monstrous freedom ta'en
To call this charming spot a *plain*!
"While here and there the trees among
"The harp and mellow horn were hung"
And bards and bardesses had grand sport,
Waking their living lyres to transport;
And as the choral strain they sang,
Hills, woods and caves responsive rang—
And yet (on language sure 'tis vi'lence)
He call'd their heav'nly music *silence*!†

And now ye tuneful dames, may't please ye
(I promise not much more to teaze ye)
I'll make your ladyships a court'sy
And tell what else I've heard reports say—
To wit—that each of you has also
An *antidote* (I think its call'd so,)
Of nature somewhat soporific,
A most infallible specific,
To bring such poets to their senses,
Whose scribbling nought but "*vain pretence*" is.
Then pray you pitty the disaster,
That has befall'n this poetaster;
And of this strong narcotic balsam,
Pray give such petty scribblers all some,
That by its aid the light of reason
The empire of their brains may seize on,
Lest they fall victims to insanity;
That worst misfortune of humanity—

Now as I've nothing more to mention
I hope you'll quickly give attention
To the design of this epistle;
Your right obsequious,

CALEB THISTLE.

April 14.

* Terrible Tractoration.
† See that part of his essay where he gain'd the sirnt plain.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Not long since, as I was one evening regaling myself with smoaking a segar in my friend's parlour, I took up a neatly bound quarto volume which lay upon the table, and finding it was that entertaining miscellaneous collection called the Evening Fireside, I immediately anticipated lighting upon something instructive or diverting. After pleasing myself with several lively essays, I happened to cast my eye on one headed with the title "Tobacco." This struck me as a subject in which I was immediately interested. I read it with avidity, and felt entirely satisfied with as much as the author has written against chewing and snuffing. But as to the other practice, I had, and still hold, in some respects, a different opinion. "Medical authority" it must be acknowledged, is very respectable: The gentlemen of the faculty have no doubt been witnesses of the injurious effects of tobacco on some individuals; but I suppose they would hardly say that they believe it to be so to every person who uses it. There are a great many old people within the small circle of my knowledge, who have long practised smoaking and yet have their health as uninterruptedly as any body. The sentiment that smoaking is an indecent practice, is in part true, inasmuch as the smell is disagreeable to some; but every gentleman of politeness who inclines to take a whiff in company, will first ask leave, and should objections be made, he is ever ready to give up a little of his own gratification for the happiness of those he is among.—Smoaking, indeed, requires time, and where a man's business suffers while he is idling the time away in smoaking, then, as Mr. Cribb well observes, there is "an unprofitable waste" of that invaluable blessing. But when one's avocation admits of leisure, and the mind requires divertisement, how pleasant it is to sit down and regale ones self with the perfumes of that "sweet scented plant of the south country," as an elegant writer expresses it.

A profound Philosopher once told me that he could think better while smoaking; Sir Isaac Newton probably experienced the same good effect, as he practised it through a long course of years. There is however an anecdote respecting this great man's smoaking in the company of a lady, which appears unfavourable to that amusement; "What has been will be, and there is nothing new under the sun." Let young men then beware of every unnecessary indulgence, which involves in its consequences many destructive evils," especially that great one of perpetual obligation to celibacy: by which the "genial current of the soul" is obstructed, and "heaven's last best gift" is forever placed beyond their reach.

TINKER.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Night Skating, or the dangers of drinking.

A Tale.

'Twas on a pleasant winter's-night,
When all the orbs were shining bright,
And Boreas weary grown at last
Less keenly sent his biting blast;
The cold below the freezing point,
With vigor bracing ev'ry joint,
Impell'd a lad of frolic fond
To urge a trip to globe-mill pond.

Some in the scheme with ardour join'd,
And some more prudently declin'd;
At home reposing indolence
Declar'd it argu'd want of sense:
To walk a weary mile or more,
To caper on an Icy floor;
While bright enjoyment might be found
More purely in the social round,
In parlour met to chat and joke,
And puff away the hours in smoke;
In short, resolv'd (let others roam)
To fill an elbow chair at home;
Experience told what dangers wait,
On those who take the night to skate;
Related many dire mishaps
Of lads that fell in air-hole traps,
And strongly urg'd them to forbear,
The treacherous element to dare.
Besides, suppose no accident,
Your wish'd for safe return prevent;
Think on the morrow how you'll rise,
How blank your looks! how dull your eyes!
With aching limbs, and body sore,
Renouncing skating o'er and o'er,
You'll own it proves a lack of brains,
To purchase pleasure at such pains.
Thus sage experience advis'd,
But they the prudent lore despis'd;
Impetuous youth is hard of head,
And rare, alas! by caution led;
As Esop says, "young folks conceit,
That old folks have but little wit;
But old folks need not search the schools

To prove the young are really fools.
But now I'll leave the moral lesson,
And tell my tale without digression:

'Twas on a winter's night serene,
The moon was bright, the cold was keen,
Four youths confin'd the live-long day,
At night resolv'd to have their play:
With skates well fitted to their feet,
The Irons, straps and woods complete;
With dumpies, parrot-bills and such,
Some turning high—and some *low* dutch,
They skim the pond from side to side,
And lightly o'er its surface glide:—
Vers'd in the mazy winding race
Some their brother-skaters chace,
While others, skill'd in every part,
In flourishes exert their art;
With many a figure, curve and line,
Not fam'd old Euclid could define.

Thus ran the merry footed hours,
And fun attracted all their powers;
But oft the tempest lurks beneath
The smiling zephyr's gentle breath;
And when we glory in possessing
Unmix'd with woe the cup of blessing,
And haste the lagging drop to drain,
We find that drop a drop of pain.
But such like thoughts, though serious truth,
Are not the thoughts of ardent youth;
To pleasure's breeze they spread their sail,
And scud before the swelling gale.

The moon now hast'ning to decline,
Her feeble rays but faintly shine,
The taper lights no longer trace,
Each scatter'd rustic dwelling place,
And sunk in slumber, labor lay,
Forgetful of the toilsome day;
Yet every monitory scorning,
The lads seem'd bent to skate till morning;
And oft the sportive chase renew,
Retire, advance, retreat, pursue,
And every artifice employ,
That may deversify their joy,
'Till one, (of all the sportive first)
From long exertion, grew athirst;
Instant he sought an air-hole's brink,
And thoughtless laid him down to drink;
When sad to tell, the faithless ice,
Brake from his pressure in a trice;
And headlong plung'd the hapless ——
Who never thought of such a bathing.
Like him, how many now are sinking,
The victims of imprudent drinking;
But few with equal fortitude,
Buffet with the whelming flood.
His lusty arms the stream divide,
And throw the opposing waves aside;
Though oft' the ice his course impede,
And cause his wounded face to bleed,
He scorns the contest to give o'er,
'Till firmly fix'd on safety's shore.
Would they but act with such resolve
Whom Bacchanalian floods involve!
But once within the vortex drawn,
All hope is fled each sense is gone!
To fortune, friends, and fair renown
Forever lost, they sink! they drown!

Reader, if thou'rt to drink inclin'd,
Impress this lesson on thy mind;
Few are the sav'd! but many sink
Who dare in pleasure's stream to drink:
If thirst be thine, prefer to quell
Its cravings at the sober well.—

BETA.

Philadelphia.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Editors,

A part of your paper having sometimes been occupied with interesting agricultural enquiries and observations, I am inclined to communicate some fresh intelligence on the subject. I have no doubt but a number of your readers will appreciate this essential occupation; and are pleased with every impovement which is made in so great an object of solid wealth and commercial advantage to our country. The sandy plains of the western part of New-Jersey, heretofore but moderately prolific, are, in all probability, likely ere long to become as valuable as any part of the United States. A kind of fat earth has long been known to exist in parts of the counties of Burlington and Glouceſter: but there was very little notice taken of it till within a few years. Some farmers merely by accidental experiment, having thrown on their land a little of this stuff, which they discovered in digging a well, the ensuing season they found it was of a nature fertilizing, in a degree exceeding their most sanguine expectations: clover grew almost spontaneously, and various kinds of grain were produced in unusual quantities. A spirit of enquiry being by this means excited, the remarkable *earth*, which for ages had been neglected, proved to be that invaluable article, *genuine marl.* In many places it may be procured with very little labour, in others it lays ten, fifteen or twenty feet below the surface. A number of agricultural gentlemen are trying it with all the success imaginable. Only a few cart loads are sufficient for an acre. We are told by some writers on the marl of England, that this article is best suited to a sandy soil. It is presumed that this is the same kind of marl as that of England: so that, in all probability, the plains of New-Jersey will, at no very distant period, exhibit to the view of the traveller a degree of cultivation and superabundant production, rarely observed on this side the Atlantic ocean.

GEMAENE.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Stanzas to the Memory of J—— F——.

From this sad stroke, afflicted nature turns!
Can it be wrong to weep for one so dear?
See every tender heart for Damon mourns,
For Damon, every eye must shed a tear!

A widow'd mother sobs, with grief opprest,
A sister's sorrow sure no tongue can tell;
A loving brother, clasps him to his breast,
Whilst numerous friends, sigh out the last farewell!

Fair in his face a manly beauty shone,
With each mild virtue, and each grace endued;
Not in the narrow sphere of friends alone,
He fell lamented by the wise and good.

The social ardour beaming from his mind,
By *wit's* enlivening mirror bright appear'd;
Wit—not the ungracious, nor splenetic kind,
But such as oft the sorrowing soul has cheer'd.

His gentle heart was open as the day,
His generous hand was prompt at pity's call,—
Earnest to smooth life's rugged thorny way,
With glowing zeal he liv'd and felt for all.

How oft with raptur'd joy in youth's sweet morn,
Clasping his guardian hand I've tript along;
How oft for him, I've pluckt the scented thorn,
While the gay Robbin tun'd his mellow song.

Memory in vain recalls these flattering days,
Forever lost in Time's oblivious gloom;
Whilst sorrow blasts fair Fancy's rising rays,
And points incessant to the silent tomb.

EDWIN.

Wilmington, (Del.)

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ON HISTORY.

Examples are universally allowed to hav a greater influence over the manners o mankind than the bare authority of mor precepts, or philosophical demonstrations.

I look upon the seeing a good man (afte having spent his life in the service of hi Creator, and in promoting as far as in hi lay the happiness of his fellow-creature go peaceably down to the grave covere with grey hairs, and transmitting his vi tues to posterity, to be a greater ince tive to good actions, than the most learne discourses on the rectitude of virtue, an the beauty of holiness.

On the other hand, when we see th abandoned profligate, after having ruine his health, character, and fortune, by series of excesses and debaucheries; dest tute of all comfort in this life, or hope f the next; worn out by premature decay about to yield up his spirit to him who gi it for better ends:— does not this strike i to our hearts a greater dread of vice th

the moſt bitter invectives which have been written againſt it ?

The ſetting before our eyes the actions of great men in former ages, is one great uſe of hiſtory; that we may thereby learn how to regulate our own. It ſhews us a Conſtantine, and a Juſtinian, crowned with power and proſperity while living, and, when dead, remembered with veneration by all ſucceeding ages; the black conſpiracy of Catalline detected, and himſelf, with his deſperate aſſociates, involved in one common ruin; and Julius Cæſar, (who, inſtead of employing his arms againſt the public enemies, made uſe of them to enſlave his country) ſlain by the avenging arm of Liberty. But Hiſtory is often deficient in this reſpect, as the actions of men do not always meet with their due reward in this life. There we ſee Octavius raiſed to the empire by a ſeries of craft and diſſimulation, dignified with the pompous title of Auguſtus, and loaded with all the fulſome flatteries with which the learned paraſites of his court could invent; ſit triumphantly on the ruins of his country's freedom. A Cato, Brutus, and Leonidas, are here likewiſe ſeen, falling in defence of the liberty of their country.

The aid of Romance, therefore, was called in to ſupply the deficiencies of Hiſtory; and, whereas the nobleſt characters have often great blemiſhes, which, were they ſilently paſſed over, would arraign the veracity of the Hiſtorian; in Romance the writer is at liberty to draw the moſt perfect character his imagination can form; to reward the good and puniſh the bad; to draw virtue in an amiable and vice in an odious light.

But in the Novels of the preſent age, the faſhionable levities are applauded, and the uncoothneſs of rigid virtue ridiculed; there the moſt abandoned proſtitute ſtalks forth, the Julia or Meſſalina of her age.

That the bulk of Novels and Romances are written upon theſe principles, muſt be evident to every impartial reader; and inſtead of exhibiting examples worthy of imitation, they tend to deprave the taſte, and infect the morals of the riſing generation.

ON SACRED POETRY.

In nature's golden age when new born day
Array'd the skies, and earth was green and gay;
When God with pleaſure all his works ſurvey'd,
And virgin innocence before him play'd.

In that illuſtrious morn, that lovely ſpring,
The muſe by heav'n inſpir'd began to ſing,
Deſcending Angels in harmonious lays,
Taught the firſt happy pair their maker's praiſe.
Such was the ſacred art.

Hence learn'd the bard, in lofty ſtrains to tell
How patient virtue triumph'd over hell:
And hence the chief who led the chooſen race
Thro' parting ſeas derived his ſongs of praiſe.

She gave the rapt'rous ode, whoſe ardent lay
Sings female force, and vanquiſh'd Siſera.
She turn'd to pious notes the pſalmiſt's lire, [fire.
And fill'd Iſaiah's breaſt with more than Pindar's

BOSCAWEN.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-ſide.

The following account of the viſion and death of Lord Lyttleton, appeared about two years ſince in the American Daily Advertiſer. It was printed from the original in the hand writing of Mary Knowles, a lady diſtinguiſhed in the literary world for her piety and learning, and for her diſpute with the celebrated Dr. Johnſon on the right of private judgment in matters of religion. Admiral Wolſeley was with Lyttleton when theſe remarable events occurred; he probably narrated them to M. Knowles, who wrote them down in his preſence for William Savery, late of this city, who was in England in the year 1798.

In confirmation of its veracity, I may add, that Archibald Hamilton Rowan, a character well known in the political world, who was lately in this country, declared before the moſt reſpectable witneſſes, that he was in lord Lyttleton's company the day preceding his death; that his lordſhip related to him the particulars of his viſion, as contained in the following narrative; that he invited him to his country ſeat at Pitt's place, on a party of pleaſure; and that he well remembered hearing of his death the next day.

Such remarkable occurrences ought not to be ſuffered to drop into oblivion; the circumſtances attending it are atteſted by the moſt reſpectable witneſſes; and with reſpect to the viſion, the event proved its reality. By inſerting it you will at leaſt oblige a conſtant

READER.

A brief account of the Viſion and Death of Lord Lyttleton.

Sometime about fifteen or eighteen years ſince, (dates not juſt recollected) Lord Lyttleton, on the fifth day of the week, came down to breakfaſt with his family, conſiſting of the widow Flood and three young women his couſins, all of them of doubtful character. He ſaid he had, that night, a very frightful dream or viſion;—that a lady had appeared to him—that ſhe opened the curtains of his bed, and bid him prepare himſelf for death. He ſtarted up in terror, incoherently ſaying—What, ſhall I not live three days? to which ſhe replied—"No you will not live above three days"—and vaniſhed. This awful account frightened the women, who fell a crying; he, though ſecretly agitated, pretended to diſregard the matter; laughing at their credulous folly, and profeſſing to have no ſort of belief or apprehenſion about it.—Soon after, Admiral Wolſeley and a gentleman, his couſin, by the name of Forteſcue, came in, and he related jocoſely, what he had told as above;—they liſtened, but pondered it in their minds;—ſo did his attendant valet. However the ſubject changed—He propoſed going with his ladies on ſeventh day (that is the laſt day of the viſionary prediction) to his country ſeat at Pitt's place, near Epſom, and offered the two gentlemen his chariot, to follow them to dinner there on that day. They agreed to the propoſal, went there accordingly, and joined in great real, or at leaſt affected jollity, at the feſtive board. Lyttleton being more than uſually loquacious and deſultory in his converſation—reciting the probable remarks that would of courſe be made, whenever the news of his death ſhould be announced. Among his gaities, perceiving the women to be languid and gloomy, he took one of them and danced a minuet with her—then taking out his watch and going up to the window—"Look you here, it is now nine o'clock, according to the viſion, I have but three hours to live—but don't you mind this, Madam Flood, never fear, we'll jockey the Ghoſt, I warrant you."

Still continuing in this ſeeming gaiety till eleven, he called for candles to go to bed, an hour unuſually early with him, as he uſed to ſit up as long as he could keep his companions about him—but his pretence to retire was, becauſe he had planned for the party to ride to breakfaſt early at Epſom, and ſpend the day in riding to ſurvey the adjacent country. Soon after his retreat, the women took their candles and went off—the two gentlemen were determined to ſit in the parlour till the three predicted days were fully over, and got ſome negus to comfort themſelves. In about half an hour after eleven, they received the ſudden ſhock of a loud ſcream from the ſtair caſe, uttering theſe words—"He's dead! Oh, my lord is dead!" Inſtantly running up ſtairs, they found him in bed, fallen back and ſtruggling; the Admiral put his hand

to him, which the dying man graſped with ſuch vehemence that it was painful to endure but he ſpake no more. His eyes were turned up and fixed. They pierced the jugular vein, but no blood iſſued, and he was totally dead about one quarter of an hour before midnight.

The Admiral, to this account, gave me the following remarkable particulars:—That at the diſtance of thirty miles from Pitt's place, where this melancholy ſcene happened, there lived a gentleman, one of the libertine companions of Lord Lyttleton: and they had ſo ſettled, that which ever of them died firſt, the ſurvivor ſhould receive one thouſand pounds. On this very night (being in bed and aſleep previouſly) he rang his bell about one o'clock, with great violence. His valet-de-chambre ran to him with all ſpeed, and the following dialogue enſued, as nearly as can be recollected.

Servant. Dear ſir, what is the matter!

Maſter. (Sitting up in the bed, with a countenance full of horror) Oh John! Lord Lyttleton is dead!

Servant. How can that be? we have heard nothing but that he is alive and well.

Maſter. No, no, I awoke juſt now, on hearing the curtains undrawn, and at the foot of the bed ſtood Lord Lyttleton, as plain as ever I ſaw him in my life. He looked ghaſtly and ſaid, "All is over with me! you have won the thouſand pounds," and inſtantly vaniſhed! Get a horſe; go this moment to Pitt's place, you may perhaps get intelligence of him there.

In conſequence of theſe orders the ſervant arrived about ſeven in the morning; told the Admiral and family the above particulars, and haſtened back to his agitated maſter.

On the Sands.

Thou emblem of the youthful breast!
Thoughts, fair or foul, may be impress'd
On thy smooth face; but not like thee,
Can youth's once tainted mind be free,
Nor foul be fair with the next tide,—
The mind's pollution must abide:
Alas! if that pure shrine you stain,
Seas cannot wash it white again:
Guardians of youth, then, O take care!
Th' impressions that ye give, be FAIR.

On rendering aſſiſtance to perſons in danger of drowning. By H. Lawſon, Eſq.

A late melancholy circumſtance called up the utmoſt energies of my thought, to find if there was no part of a man's dreſs that might be ſerviceable either to aſſiſt the ſufferer, or enable a man of ordinary courage to venture to his relief without danger to himſelf. This deſirable object ſeems to me to be attainable by the proper uſe of a man's hat and pocket handkerchief, which (being all the apparatus neceſſary) is to be uſed thus: Spread the handkerchief on the ground, and place a hat, with the brim downwards, on the middle of the handkerchief; and then tie the handkerchief round the hat as you would tie up a bundle, keeping the knots as near the centre of the crown of the hat as may be. Now by ſeizing the knots in one hand, and keeping the opening of the hat upwards, a perſon, without knowing how to ſwim, may fearleſsly plunge into the water with what may be neceſſary to ſave the life of a fellow-creature.

The above is the ground work, and the moſt ready application of the idea; but, where circumſtances and time will permit, various modes may be adopted: as, taking two hats and tying the two ends of a walking ſtick, into the knots of the handkerchiefs, and then ſeizing the ſtick by the middle; or indeed, as many hats may be put on the walking ſtick as it will hold, which will not be leſs than four, giving a buoyancy equal to 28 pounds or more, without the riſk of the hats filling with water. If, inſtead of a ſtick, two hats were connected together by a handkerchief, the hats may be uſed to ſwim with as boys uſe corks.

One circumſtance more I will beg leave to mention. If a perſon ſhould fall out of a boat, or a boat upſet by going foul of a cable, &c. or he ſhould fall off the quays, or indeed fall into any water from which he could not extricate himſelf, but muſt wait ſome little time for aſſiſtance, had he preſence of mind enough to whip off his hat and hold it by the brim, placing his fingers within ſide the crown, and hold it ſo, (top downwards,) he would be able by this method to keep his mouth well above water till aſſiſtance ſhould reach him. It often happens that danger is deſcried long before we are involved in the peril, and time enough to prepare ſome one of the above methods; and a courageous perſon, I am confident, would, ſeven inſtances out of ten, apply to them with ſucceſs; and travellers in fording rivers at unknown fords, or where ſhallows are deceitful, might make uſe of the firſt of theſe methods with advantage.

By experiments I have made, it appears that a common ſized hat, ſuch as is now in faſhion, will ſupport more than ten pounds weight without ſinking; but with a weight of about ſeven pounds it would not be liable to fill, even if there were a little ripple on the water. The handkerchief, applied as above directed, covering the open part of the hat, prevents its being readily filled by the ſplaſhing of the water; and as it is well known that the human body is nearly of the ſame ſpecific gravity as water, it muſt be evident that a buoyancy of ſeven pounds will, if properly managed, keep the head ſufficiently above the ſurface till more effectual aſſiſtance is procured.

[*Philoſophical Mag.*]

Education of the Mexican Youth.

(From Clavigero's History of Mexico.)

(Concluded.)

Such were the inſtructions which the Mexicans frequently inculcated to their ſons. Huſbandmen and merchants gave their ſons other advice regarding their particular profeſſions, which we, however, omit, not to prove tedious to our readers; but I cannot diſpenſe with tranſcribing one of the exhortations made uſe of by mothers to their daughters, as it illuſtrates the mode of education and manners.

"My daughter," ſaid the mother, "I have endeavoured to bring thee up with the greateſt poſſible care, and thy father has wrought and poliſhed thee like an emerald that thou mayeſt appear in the eyes of men a jewel of virtue. Strive always to be good, for otherwiſe who will have thee for a wife? thou wilt be rejected by every one. Life is a thorny laborious path, and it is neceſſary to exert all our powers to obtain the goods which the gods are willing to yield us; we muſt not therefore, be lazy or negligent, but diligent in every thing. Be orderly and take pains to manage the œconomy. Give water to thy huſband with his hands, and make bread for thy family. Wherever thou goeſt, go with modeſty and compoſure, without hurrying thy ſteps, or laughing with thoſe whom thou meetest, neither fixing thy looks upon them, but caſting thy eyes thoughtleſsly firſt to one ſide and then to the other, that thy reputation may not be ſullied; but give a courteous anſwer to thoſe who ſalute and put a queſtion to thee."

"Employ thyſelf diligently in ſpinning and weaving, in ſewing and embroidering, for by theſe arts thou wilt gain eſteem, and all the neceſſaries of food and clothing.

"In whatever thou doeſt encourage no evil thoughts; but attend ſolely to the ſervice of the Gods. If thy father or mo

alls thee, do not ſtay to be called twice; ut go inſtantly to know their pleaſure, that hou mayeſt not diſoblige them by ſlow- eſs. Return no inſolent anſwers, nor hew any want of compliance; but if thou anſt not do what they command, make a odeſt excuſe. If another is called and oes not come quickly; come thou, hear hat is ordered, and do it well. Never ffer thyſelf to do that which thou canſt ot do. Deceive no perſon, for the Gods e all thy actions. Live in peace with very body and love every one ſincerely and oneſtly, that thou mayeſt be beloved by em in return.

"Be not greedy of the goods which hou haſt. If thou ſeeſt any thing preſent- d to another, give way to no mean ſuſpi- ions; for the Gods, to whom every thing elongs, diſtribute every thing as they leaſe. If thou wouldſt avoid the diſplea- re of others, let none meet with it from ee.

"When thou art married, reſpect thy uſband, obey him, and diligently do what e commands thee. Avoid incurring his iſpleaſure, nor ſhew thyſelf paſſionate or l natured; but receive him fondly to thy rms, even if he is poor and lives at thy xpenſe. If thy huſband occaſions thee ny diſguſt, let him not know thy diſplea- re when he commands thee to do any ing; but diſſemble it at that time, and fterwards tell him with gentleneſs what exed thee, that he may be won by thy ildneſs and offend thee no farther. Diſ- onour him not before others, for thou ſo wouldſt be diſhonoured. If any one omes to viſit thy huſband, accept the viſit ndly, and ſhew all the civility thou canſt. thy huſband is fooliſh, be thou diſcreet. he fails in the management of wealth, monish him of his failings; but if he is tally incapable of taking care of his eſ- te, take that charge upon thyſelf, and end carefully to his poſſeſſions.

"Embrace, my daughter, the counſel hich I give thee; I am already advanced life, and have had ſufficient dealings ith the world. I am thy mother; I wiſh at thou mayeſt live well. Fix my pre- pts in thy heart, for then thou wilt live ppy. If, by not liſtening to me, or by neglecting my inſtructions any misfor- nes befal thee, the fault will be thine and e evil alſo. Enough, my child, may the ods proſper thee."

THE LADIES.

A ſolitary philoſopher would imagine ies born with an exemption from care and ſorrow, lulled in perpetual quiet and feaſted with unmingled pleaſure; for what can interrupt the contentment of thoſe, upon whom one age has laboured after another to confer honours and accumulate immunities; thoſe to whom rudeneſs is infamy, and inſult is cowardice: whoſe eye commands the brave, and whoſe ſmiles ſoftens the ſevere; whom the ſailor travels to adorn, the ſoldier bleeds to defend, and the poet wears out his life to celebrate; who claim tribute from every art and ſcience, and for whom all who approach, endeavour to multiply delights without requiring any return but willingneſs to be pleaſed.

[*Lad. Mis.*]

Of Lavanges, or great maſſes of Snow and Ice rolling down from high Mountains.

In high mountains, there are winds produced by accidental cauſes, and particularly by Lavanges. In the environs of the Alpine glaciers, ſeveral ſpecies of Lavanges are diſtinguiſhable; ſome of them are called windy lavanges, becauſe they produce a great wind. They are formed when a new fall of ſnow has been put in motion, either from melting below by the interior heat of the earth, or by the agitation of the air. The ſnow then forms itſelf into balls, and in rolling accumulates, falls in vaſt maſſes into the valleys, and produces a great agitation in the air; becauſe the ſnow runs with rapidity, and in immenſe volumes, and the winds occaſioned by theſe maſſes are ſo impetuous, that they overturn every thing, even the largeſt pines, that oppoſe their paſſage. Theſe lavanges cover the whole territory over which they extend with a very fine ſnow; and this powdered ſnow riſes in the air at the caprice of the wind, i. e. without any fixed direction, which is extremely dangerous to people in the fields; becauſe they know not to what ſide to run in order to protect themſelves; for, in a few ſeconds, they find themſelves ſurrounded, and often completely buried with the ſnow.

Another ſpecies of lavanges, ſtill more dangerous than the firſt, is called by the country people ſchlaglawen, i. e. daſhing or ſtriking lavanges. They proceed not with ſuch rapidity as the firſt kind; but they overturn every thing in their way, and carry along with them great quantities of earth, ſtones, flints, and even entire trees; ſo that their paſſage from the mountain to the valley is a vaſt track of deſtruction and ruin. As they proceed with leſs rapidity than the lavanges compoſed of pure ſnow, they are more eaſily avoided. Their approach is announced at a diſtance; for they ſhake the mountains and the valleys by their motion and weight, and produce a noiſe equal to that of thunder.

Theſe tremendous effects may proceed from very ſlight cauſes: a ſmall quantity of ſnow falling from a tree or a rock, the ſound of bells, or the ſhock of a cannon or muſket, provided they detach ſome portions of ſnow from the ſummit, which form into balls, and increaſe in magnitude as they deſcend, will accumulate into a maſs as large as a ſmall mountain before they arrive at the valley.

[*Buffon's Nat. His.*]

LITERARY NOTICE.

We have authority to announce to the lovers of Chemiſtry, that a new work in this engaging ſcience, written by a lady, is putting to preſs on ſubſcription by Mr. James Humphreys of this city, and will ſhortly be preſented to the public, embelliſhed with eleven plates. It is entitled "Converſation on Chemiſtry," in which the elements of that ſcience are familiarly explained and illuſtrated by experiments.—The plates for the original of this work are from the engraver of Lowry.

The following is taken from the half-year Retroſpect of Engliſh Literature, in the ſupplement to the Monthly Magazine, publiſhed in January laſt.

Dr. Bourne has come forward with a more original ſubject of inveſtigation. In his "*Caſes of Pulmonary Conſumption, &c. treated with Uva Urſi,*" he has called the attention of the profeſſion to a new remedy for this unmanageable diſeaſe, of the efficacy of which he expreſſes himſelf in ſanguine terms. He was led to its uſe by the analogy of a ſingle caſe of hectic accompanying a diſeaſe of the bladder, which *uva urſi* combined with two very active remedies, bark and opium, effected a cure. After the experience which is derived from the records of new remedies applied, and recommended with confidence for the cure of organic diſeaſes of the glands and viſcera, and from the ſubſequent diſappointment of the profeſſion, a little ſcepticiſm in regard to any remedy for the cure of lungs in a ſtate of ulceration may be pardonable. We wiſh not, however, that a *priori* reaſoning ſhould ſuperſede a fair experimental appreciation of the powers of the medicine in queſtion. On the contrary, we ſhould heartily rejoice to find theſe encomiums on its virtues confirmed; and that this eſſay is not, what our apprehenſion ſuggeſt, premature.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—About the 20th of November, one of the moſt violent hurricanes was experienced on the coaſt of Spain, that ever was remembered. A letter received by a reſpectable houſe in London, from Valentina, of the 23d ult. ſtates its effects to have been moſt dreadful in that place. It rained inceſſantly for four days, during which time upwards of 200 houſes were waſhed away, and not a veſtige of them left behind; a number of perſons in endeavouring to ſave their effects, loſt their lives. To add to the diſaſter, numbers of ſhipping were driven aſhore, and ſhivered to pieces, and many of the people on board periſhed. The Berbice Packet, belonging to the houſe by whom the letter was received, was one of the ſhips driven on ſhore; and although ſtrong built, ſhe did not ſurvive the hurricane half an hour.

Charleſton, (S. C.) April 2.—Captain Phillips, from Havanna, informs that intelligence had reached that place the day before he ſailed, of the expedition under General Miranda having left New York; and had excited ſome apprehenſions among the Americans. An embargo was talked of, and a 74 gun ſhip was ready for ſea, having her ſails bent. Intelligence had alſo been received, of the ſhip Leander having been twice boarded by Britiſh cruizers—the firſt time in the Mona paſſage, when they ſtated that they were bound for St. Domingo, and were ſuffered to paſs.—The ſecond time ſhe was boarded, they made the ſame ſtatement, but from the latitude in which ſhe was, it was evident, that was not her deſtination, and the Britiſh commander propoſed ſending her into port, when the Captain of the Leander produced his *paſſports from the Britiſh government*, and was ſuffered to proceed.

DOMESTIC.—The following melancholy article is copied from the "*Pennſylvania Correſpondent*," printed at Doyleſtown, in Bucks county, Pennſylvania.

News of murders and robberies, generally excites a greater degree of intereſt, than information of any other kind. Intelligence is circulating in this neighbourhood, of which the following is the ſubſtance.—Its authenticity is not ſworn to; but ſhould it prove to have been a *melancholy reality*, the public ſhall hear "more about it."

A man living on or near the Dry Lands, who had to pay the ſum of 800l. about the firſt of April, called on his neighbour who kept a public houſe, informed him of the payment he had to make, and obſerved, he had the whole amount at his own houſe, except 15l. which he wiſhed the loan for a few weeks; the landlord very cheerfully agreed to lend the ſum required, ſtating that he had it not in poſſeſſion, but expected to go abroad next day to collect the money, and would return in the evening when his neighbour might call and receive the ſum wanted.—With the joy which an honeſt man derives from the expectation of being able to fulfil his contracts, did the neighbour call at the time appointed; the landlord had not returned; he therefore waited contentedly, every moment expecting him to come in;—at the requeſt of the landlady, he concluded to retire to bed, and if aſleep at the return of her huſband, he was to be called up; it being late he ſoon fell aſleep—but had not ſlept long before his ſlumbers were diſturbed by terrifick dreams; he awoke his bed-fellow, (a pedlar who had taken his lodgings there for that night only) and informed him he had dreamed his houſe was on fire, and his wife and children enveloped in the flames.—The pedlar intreated him to lie down and quiet his apprehenſions; but expoſtulations are unavailing to a man whoſe imagination is diſordered from the idea that his family are in emminent danger. He would go home, and the pedlar feeling intereſted in the interpretation of the dream, agreed to accompany him; taking along a pair of excellent piſtols which he had with him, well loaded. The night was dark, and as they approached the houſe, a bright light excited new and ſtrong ſuſpicions. Each taking a piſtol, they cautiouſly approached the lighted window, where with aſtoniſhment they beheld three men with blackened faces, counting money at a table; each of the ſpectators ſingled out his man, and two of the mid-night plunderers fell lifeleſs on the floor; the third was met at the door, but conſcious guilt had unnerved his arm,—he was ſoon diſpatched.—Reader,—"if you have tears prepare to ſhed them now."—The agitated huſband went into his bed chamber, where the wife of his boſom, and three young children were weltering in blood, and cloſing their eyes in death, having been inhumanly butchered "in the unſuſpecting moments of ſleep," by the three perſons before mentioned. My informant could not give me the names of the parties, but ſtates, that on waſhing the blackened faces of the deceaſed robbers, they proved to be near neighbours to the owner of the houſe, and were intimate family connections.

A wild man was lately diſcovered in Greenwich Park (Jamaica) in the deepeſt receſſes of the wood, where he had erected a hut for his reſidence, and appeared to have lived upon the ſpontaneous productions of the earth, he was almoſt naked; his beard had attained the utmoſt point of its growth; his feet and hands were callous as leather; his ſkin was diſcoloured with filth; and altogether he exhibited the moſt humiliating object that monkiſh debaſity could furniſh. After he was firſt diſcovered a party went in purſuit of him, on their approach he fled into the woods, but was ſoon overtaken and ſecured—at firſt he affected dumbneſs, but afterwards the following particulars was obtained from him:—His name is Charles Martin, is an Italian, born at Florence, thinks he has been two or three years in the woods; he entered them at Port Maria (thirty miles diſtant form this place); in that time never ſaw a white face nor a human habitation; had enjoyed perfect health. When he was aſked why he had abandoned ſociety, he ſhrugged his ſhoulders, and lifted up his hands as if in the act of adoration. When a cordial was given to him he was cautioned not to drink much, as exceſs would kill him;—He replied, "DEATH TO ME IS WELCOME!" He was clothed, fed, and encouraged, and finally conducted to the hoſpital: His intellects appear to be ſound, although he ſpeaks with great reluctance: He is well made, has blue eyes, is in ſtature about five feet eight inches. His hut is faſhioned much like an Indian wigwam, and he has contrived a ſubterraneous kitchen with great ingenuity: His habitation was ſurrounded with ſprings to catch birds, one of which he had prepared for his breakfaſt. He had diſplayed talents in fabricating divers ſorts of baskets; and what is ſtrange, no iron, not even a knife, was found in his poſſeſſion.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JUVENILE was intended for the preſent number, but from peculiar circumſtances was unavoidably delayed. It ſhall appear in our next.

WE requeſt CERES to peruſe, attentively the chapter and verſe alluded to, and ſend us a tranſcript of it, if conſiſtent with his own good pleaſure; for our parts we know of no ſuch chapter in the Bible as the one mentioned in his communication.

EUCHIUS is under conſideration.

The *Juvenile* writer of the "*Addreſs to Robbin*," is not altogether void of poetic merit, but his ideas are too crude on the ſubject; they are not ſufficiently intereſting to be preſented to readers of taſte.

Several other pieces have come to hand, they ſhall receive the attention they merit.

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH RAKESTRAW, NO. 84, NORTH FRONT-STREET,

Where Subscriptions and Communications (post paid) *will be received.*

Subscriptions will also be received at BENJAMIN JOHNSON'S *Book-Store, No.* 31, *Market Street, Philadelphia, and by*

SAMUEL WOOD, 362, *Pearl-ſtreet, N. York.*